



SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, '07.

necessary precipitation.

"You little know us," I declared, for Pickering's benefit. "Life in Annandale is nothing if not exciting. The people here are in different marks or there'd be murders galore."

"Mr. Glenara is a good deal of a wag," explained Pickering, hastily swinging himself aboard as the train started.

"Yes; it's my humor that keeps me alive," I responded, and taking off my hat I saluted Arthur Pickering with my broadest salutation.

TO BE CONTINUED.

VERSE WORTH READING.

A Game for Two.

Let us play that the world is bright,
Let us play that the day is fair;
Let us play that there is no spite
And that kindness is everywhere:
Let us play that I am a boy
And that you are a laughing maid,
That beyond us is only joy
We may journey to, unafraid.

Let us play that the things denied
Are the things which we do not crave;
Let us play that our path is wide
And that roses beside it wave:
Let us play that what we may claim
Is all we care for in this game:
Let us play that life is a game
For a prize, which is happiness.

Let us play that the day is long,
That we've passed where misfortune
hides:

Let us play that my arms are strong
And that glad in your breast abide;
Let us play that I am a boy
And that you are a laughing maid,
That beyond us is only joy
We may journey to, unafraid.

—S. E. Kiser.

The Far-Off Call.

If out beyond the city's farthest edge
There were no roads that led through
sleepy towns,
No winds to blow through any thorny
hedge,
No pathways over hazel-tufted downs,
I might not, when the day begins, be sad
Because I toil among the money-mad.

If out beyond the distant hill there lay
No valley graced by any winding
stream,
And if no slim, white steeples far away
Might mark the spots where drowsy
hamlets dream,

I could, perhaps, at midday be content
Where striving millions at their tasks
are bent.
If far away from noise and strife and
care
There were no buds to swell on waiting
trees,

No mating birds to spill upon the air
The liquid notes of another world,
I might, at sunset be serene and proud
Because a few had seen me in the crowd.
Chicago Record-Herald.

Fate.

It had to be. We had to meet.
It is too late. You can't retreat.
You had to meet. I had to know
It was not strange you must allow.
You had to stop. I had to speak.
No explanations need we seek—
'Twas fate!

You had to blush. I had to talk.
You had to nod. We had to walk.
You had to hear. I had to tell.
'Tis thus the goddess weaves her spell.
And then, at last—it had to be.
'Tis very simple now to see—
'Twas fate!

We had to love unto the end.
A single path we had to wend.
You cannot get another way.
The scheme ordained you must obey;
We must conform with the design,
I must be yours. You must be mine.
'Twas fate!

Town Topics.

Darwinian.

Big fish eat the little fish
Swimming in the sea;
The hawk will chase the chicken
And devour it with great glee.

Dogs pursue the rabbit,
And says it's just in fun;
All creation tries to get
Some creature on the run.

And man, despite his wisdom,
Keeps following the plan
Of his ancestral origin,
And whips his fellow-man.

Though peace that's universal
Would be a joy profound;
We'll have to evolve more
Before it gets around.

Song.

Last night I made a mimic grave
Deep in the meadow grass,
Believing in that calm retreat
My spirit's storm would pass:
My wearied vision sought content
Where late had flamed the sun,
Night, with a mystic, wood-wind theme,
Her sympathy begun.

But, oh, how dim are sun and stars
Seen through a mist of tears!
How faded the happy sounds of earth
To sorrow-deadened ears!
Love, at thy shrine three costly gifts
I offer as my part,
A withered hope, a trust betrayed,
And last—a broken heart.

—Mary Coles Carrington, in Harper's
Magazine.

How It Happened.

My Uncle Jim, he made a speech,
'Twas full of thoughts sublime.
Its mighty echoes ought to reach
The corridors of time.

And shake their vast foundations sure
With its reverberant notes,
And incidentally secure
My Uncle Jim some votes.

But when we stanch, determined men
Heard what he had to teach,
We found out also that the pen
Is mightier than the speech.

For, while we gazed with trusting pride
And craned our royal necks,
The rated foreman, just outside,
Was busy writing checks.

Behind the Hill.

O masters, say, where shall I find
A healing for each ill—
Nepenthe for the burdened mind?
—Just, just behind the hill!

Masters, where lies the Port of Dreams,
Sacred and sweet and still,
Guarded with glimmers and with
gleams?
—Just, just behind the hill!

Masters, the house of perfect peace,
Where shall I touch its sill,
Hearing within joy's glad increase?
—Just, just behind the hill!

—Clinton Schollard in New York Sun.

Nice to Have Money.

It is nice to have money, but better, my
dear,

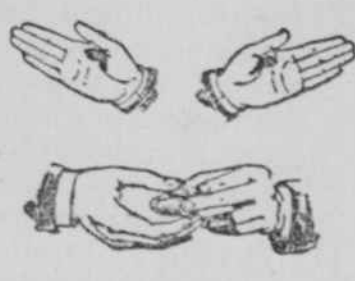
To have what no money can buy—
The smiles that wrinkle upon the sweet
river
When spring rains the rose from the
sky!
It is nice to have money, but nicer, my
honey,
To have what no money can bring—
The love and the glory of love's golden
story.
The lips of true love ever sing!
It is nice to have money, but money's
not all—
For me the spring silver, the gold of the
fall!
—Baltimore Sun.

THE TWO CORKS PUZZLE.

It Seems Simple But It Is Hard to Do.

Take two corks and hold them as shown, viz., each laid transversely across the fork of the thumb. Now with the thumb and second finger of the right hand (one on each end) take hold of the cork in the left hand, and, at the same time, with the thumb and second finger of the left hand take hold of the cork in the right hand and draw them apart.

The above sounds simple enough, but the novice will find that the corks are brought crosswise, as shown in the lower section of our illustration.



How the Corks Are Held.

The puzzle is to avoid this and enable them to part freely.

Solution: The secret lies in the position of the hands as they are brought together. The uninflated brings them together with the palms of both turned toward the body, with the consequence we have described. To solve the puzzle, turn the palm of the right hand inward, and that of the left hand outward, in the act of seizing the corks. They will then, says the Montreal Herald, not get in each other's way, but may be separated without the least difficulty.

STEVENSON'S AUTOGRAPH.

How the Author Rewarded Thoughtfulness of a Collector.

Robert Louis Stevenson, whose Treasure Island, Master of Ballantrae and other stories are dear to every boy's heart, had a great dislike for seeing his name misspelled, in such forms as Stephenson, etc.

Following is the letter he wrote to one of the numerous persons who asked the favor of his autograph: "Vallima, Upolu, Samoa.

"You have sent me a slip to write on, you have sent me an addressed envelope. You have sent it to me stamped; many have done as much before. You have spelled my name right, and some have done that. In one point you stand alone—you have sent me the stamps for my post office, not the stamps for yours. What is asked with so much consideration I take a pleasure to grant. Here, since you value it, and have been at the pains to earn it by such unusual attentions—here is the signature of

"ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
"For the one civil autograph collector, C. H. R."

Don't you suspect that "C. H. R." must have been a stamp enthusiast as well as an autograph collector? For it would occur to few others than philatelists to include Samoan stamps for a reply from Vallima.

The Ant.

Dr. Flag tells an interesting story of some ants he observed: "A pie was placed on a shelf in a cupboard, with a wide ring of molasses encircling it, and, wanting the pie for breakfast, they set out to get it. They first

marched about the ring, leaving an ant here and there at places which were seen to be less wide than the rest of the ring. Then they carefully selected the narrowest place; and, going to an old nail hole in the wall, they formed an endless stream of porters, each bringing a grain of plaster. They built a causeway through the molasses of these bits of lime, and in three hours from the time of discovery, they were eating the pie.

Umbrella Without Handle.

The umbrella of a Vienna architect is a covering of silk or other material supported on the shoulders by means of two thin rods and a band across the chest. When not in use it folds into a very small space. The hands are left free, and the device is especially recommended for persons who sometimes work in rain, like architects, engineers and artists.

Bigger Than He Looked.

"Dear me, Tom, you eat a good deal for a little fellow!" remarked Uncle John to his nephew. "I s'pect I aren't so little inside as I look outside," was Tom's ingenious explanation.

Gulls as Letter Carriers.

Successful experiments have been made in Toulon to use gulls in place of carrier pigeons. They have this advantage—that, unlike pigeons, they are always ready to fly, even in the fiercest storm.

Self-Made Men.

Everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Sunny People.

The world delights in sunny people. The old are hungering for love more than for bread.—Drummond.

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FOR TWO YEARLY SUBSCRIBERS

OR THEIR EQUIVALENT, WE WILL SEND PICTURES, ONE ONLY, OF PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT, DR. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, BATTLE OF SANTIAGO, LAND BATTLE OF QUASIMAS NEAR SANTIAGO, JUNE 24, 1898, SHOWING THE NINTH AND TENTH COLORED CAVALRY IN SUPPORT OF ROUGH RIDERS, SIZE 20X28 AND 20X24 INCHES, LAND BATTLE AND CHARGE OF THE 24TH & 25TH

COLORED INFANTRY IN RESCUE OF ROUGH RIDERS AT SAN JUAN HILL, JULY 2, 1898, SIZE 20X28 AND 20X24 INCHES, ADMIRAL DEWEY'S GREAT NAVAL BATTLE OFF CAVITE IN MANILA BAY, MAY 1ST, 1898, NAVAL BATTLE, DESTRUCTION OF ADMIRAL CERVERA'S SPANISH FLEET OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, JULY 3RD, 1898, SIZE 22X28 INCHES; LAND BATTLE, CAPTURE OF EL CANEY, EL PASO AND FORTIFICATIONS OF SANTIAGO, JULY FIRST AND SECOND, 1898, SIZE 22X28 AND 22X27 INCHES. WE WILL SEND YOU ONE OF ANY OF THE FOLLOWING BATTLES OF THE CIVIL WAR ON THE SAME TERMS. THE PICTURES LIKE THE OTHER BATTLES ARE FINISHED IN COLORS. THEY ARE 22X28 INCHES AND RETAIL AT ONE DOLLAR EACH. WE WILL FURNISH FRAMES FOR ANY OF THESE FINE CHROMOS FOR 2 DOLLARS & 50CTS. EACH ADDITIONAL. BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, BATTLE OF SHILOH, BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS, VA., BATTLE OF ATLANTA, GA., BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA, VA., BATTLE OF VICKSBURG, MISS., BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, TENN., BATTLE BETWEEN THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC, BATTLE OF BULL RUN, VA., BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE, BATTLE OF THE BIG HORN, (CUSTER'S LAST CHARGE) STORMING OF FORT WAGNER, S. C., (COLORED TROOPS IN THIS FIGHT), BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS, LA., CAPTURE AND DEATH OF SITTING BULL, THE GREAT INDIAN CHIEFTAIN; FORT PILLLOW MASSACRE, FALL OF PETERSBURG, VA., BATTLE OF WINCHESTER, VA., BATTLE OF OLUSTEE, FLA. WE WILL SEND FAMILY RECORD, SIZE 22 BY 28, WHICH CONTAINS SPACE FOR PHOTOGRAPHS OF PARENTS AND TEN CHILDREN. WE WILL SEND SOLDIERS WAR RECORD (CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE IN UNITED STATES ARMY.)

FOR FIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

FOR ONE YEAR EACH, OR THEIR EQUIVALENT, WE WILL SEND YOU A COPY OF UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, THE MOST INTENSELY INTERESTING BOOK IN THE COUNTRY. WE WILL SEND YOU A GOLD-PLATED BROOCH WITH YOUR PICTURE THEREIN, YOU TO

FURNISH THE PHOTOGRAPH, ONE FOUNTAIN PEN, GOLD POINT; ONE LADIES RING, ONE BREAST-PIN, GOLD FILLED; HALF DOZEN LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, ONE ALARM CLOCK, ONE DOZEN NAPKINS, ONE HALF DOZEN TOWELS, ONE CHOCOLATE POT, ONE PAIR VASES, ONE PAIR KID GLOVES, ONE HAM, ONE TURKEY.

FOR TEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS

WE WILL SEND ONE CHINA SET, THIRTY-ONE PIECES; ONE NECKLACE; DICKENS, SHAKESPEARE, BYRON WORKS; ONE UMBRELLA, ONE PLAIN GOLD RING, ONE PAIR LACE CURTAINS 1,000 ENVELOPES, 1,000 SHEETS OF PAPER PRINTED AND DELIVERED; ONE TOILET SET, ONE HALF CORD OF SAWED WOOD.

FOR TWENTY NEW SUBSCRIBERS

WE WILL GIVE ONE HANDSOME GOLD RING WITH OPALS, RUBIES OR PEARLS; ONE JEWELRY BOX FINISHED IN GOLD OR SILVER; ONE SILK SHIRT WAIST; ONE READY MADE DRESS, ONE GOLD WATCH, FILLED, WARRANTED FOR TEN YEARS, ONE ROCKING CHAIR, ONE LOAD OF COAL, ONE CROSS OF SOAP, EITHER WASHING OR TOILET; ONE BARREL OF BEST FLOUR, ONE PAIR BLANKETS, ONE MANICURE SET, ONE SEAMSTRESS' WORK BOX, ONE PAIR SHOES, GENTS OR LADIES.

FOR FORTY YEARLY SUBSCRIBERS

OR EQUIVALENT, WE WILL GIVE ONE SEWING MACHINE, ONE DIAMOND RING, ONE GOLD WATCH, ONE PAIR FINE GOLD EARRINGS, ONE MUSIC BOX, ONE PHONOGRAPH, ONE READY MADE DRESS, ONE SUIT OF GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHES, ONE GOLD-HEADED CANE, ONE GOLD-HEADED UMBRELLA, ONE CHINA SET, ONE DOZEN SILVER-PLATED KNIVES AND FORKS, ONE HAT-RACK, ONE SILK DRESS, ONE WEEK'S TRIP TO THE SEASHORE, RAILROAD FARE AND HOTEL BILL PAID, FOR ANY RICHMOND WORKER.

THESE OFFERS MAY BE TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF BY SENDING ONE OR TWO SUBSCRIBER'S NAMES AT A TIME. WE WILL KEEP A RECORD OF THEM; AS SOON AS THE

REQUISITE NUMBER IS OBTAINED, WE WILL FORWARD THE PRESENT INDICATED.

A PERSON WHO TRIES TO GET FORTY SUBSCRIBERS AND GETS TIRED MAY INDICATE HIS WISH AND WE WILL SEND THE PRESENT FOR THE NUMBER HE HAS SECURED OVER FIVE.

THE NUMBER WILL BE FOR NOT LESS THAN FIVE NOR MORE THAN TEN AND NOT LESS THAN TEN NOR MORE THAN TWENTY AND NOT LESS THAN TWENTY NOR MORE THAN FORTY, TO DETERMINE THE PRIZE TO WHICH THE WORKER IS ENTITLED.

IF ANYTHING IS DESIRED NOT SPECIFIED IN THIS LIST, WRITE US ABOUT IT AND WE WILL TELL YOU IN WHAT CLASS IT BELONGS.

*** ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO ***

JOHN MITCHELL, JR.,
311 North Fourth Street,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.